With Battle of Gettysburg Union Arms Gained Advantage Never Lost

It Was a Terrible, Valorous and Costly Struggle for Both Sides, and Resulted in So Important a Victory for Federal Forces Under General Meade as to Make It Turning Point of War.

In This Article of The Tribune's Civil War Series Are Recounted the Details of a Conflict Which Proved in Many Respects the Most Notable of America's Great Intersectional Strife.

GENERAL CRAWFORD'S CHARGE ON THE CONFEDERATE LINES AT GETTYSBURG.
This was one of the numerous bloody events of that great battle.
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THE fiftieth anniversary of no struggle of the Civil War is likely to be more widely remembered in this country than the battle of Gettysburg, which took place on July 1-3, 1863. This struggle, recognized as the turning point of the war, was filled with valorous deeds performed by both sides, the full rehearsal of which would fill innumerable pages.

Following Chancellorsville, the armies of General Hooker and General Lee fell back once more into their intrenchments at Fredericksburg, facing each other across the Rappahannock. The victories of Lee's army had put the Confederacy in high spirits and filled anew the ranks of the Army of Northern Virginia. "On to Washington!" became the cry of the South. Early in June Lee started his army northward. A few days later Hooker followed, marching on an interior line for the protection of Washington and Baltimore. The advance of the Confederate army crossed into Pennsylvania from the Shenandoah Valley in the middle of June.

The people of that state, as they saw the fruits of their labors in cattle and crops carried off, became alarmed, and volunteers were called for to repel invasion, as none of Hooker's troops had crossed the Potomac. By June 28 all of Lee's troops were in Pennsylvania, with the exception of General Stuart's cavalry, and the Federal army was north of the Potomac, marching on either side of the Catoctin Mountains. General Stuart was attempting to perform again his spectacular act of riding around the Army of the Potomac, and had crossed the Potomac in the rear of Hooker's army and between it and Washington. He expected to join Lee's forces in the neighborhood of Harrisburg, Ewell's troops being then divided between York and Carlisle. This raid deprived Lee of the services of the cavalry at a critical time, for its absence from his flanks prevented him from receiving prompt information of the movement and progress of the Federal army.

At this moment an incident occurred which threatened the success of the Union army. General Hooker, who, up to this time, had been manœuvring his army with skill, felt that he was hampered in his plans by lack of co-operation at Washington, and on the eve of a possible contact with a masterful enemy asked to be relieved from the position he occupied.

MEADE SUCCEEDS HOOKER.

He was taken at his word, for it had been felt by Secretary Stanton and some others at Washington that, after the fiasco at Chancellorsville, he could not be intrusted with the fighting of another battle. The papers transferring the command from General Hooker to General George G. Meade, commander of one of the corps of the army, were hastily made out, and General Hardie, chief of the staff of the War Department and a personal friend of both officers, was directed to go to Frederick City and see that the change was made immediately and in a given manner. Not a minute was to be lost and gold was given him to expedite his journey. If in danger of interruption from Stuart's raiders, he was to destroy his papers and deliver, if possible, the message in verbal form. He succeeded in getting through to Meade, and the latter, with great reluctance, obeyed the order to take up the mantle of leadership.

The transfer of command was made in the early morning hours of June 28. On the afternoon of that day, having acquainted General Meade with the details of the disposition of the various troops, General Hooker got into a spring wagon, and, followed by a handshake from his successor and a "God bless you" from others gathered around, bade farewell to the Army of the Potomac and drove off to the railroad station.

General Meade stated his general plan to be that of moving toward the Susquehanna, "keeping Washington and Baltimore well covered, and if the enemy is checked in his attempt to cross the Susquehanna, or if he turns toward Baltimore, to give him battle." On June 29 he set his army in motion toward the north, its front extending across thirty miles of country and its flanks and rear protected by a cloud of cavalry.

On the night following the abrupt change of commanders in the Army of the Potomac a slender, wiry, stoop-shouldered man about five feet eight inches in height, with dark hair and complexion and wearing a brown beard, straggled through the lines of Longstreet's corps of the Confederate army at Chambersburg. He was dressed in dark civilian's clothing. He was admitted to General Longstreet's presence, and there he told of having been in Washington, where he had visited the saloons and gained the confidence of army officers. He had obtained a pretty good idea of the general movements of the Federal army and its preparations for battle.

Learning that Hooker had started across the Potomac, he set out immediately for Longstreet's headquarters with his information, traveling on foot by night and loafing in the daytime near the federal troops. In this way he had discovered that there were three corps near Frederick, and had learned something of their disposition. The man was Harrison, the famous Confederate scout. This was the first intimation the Confederate army had that the federal army was on the same side of the Potomac with itself and in close pursuit, for Stuart's cavalry was away to the east, conducting a useless raid.

The scout was sent to General Lee, and on June 30 the Confederate troops from all points were turned toward Gettysburg, a Pennsylvania town, especially favorably located for the concentration and distribution of troops, and until then nestling in the recesses of the quiet hills without thought of fame and almost unknown beyond its own neighborhood. There was no intention of fighting a battle there, no prophet's farseeing eye to foretell the horrors and undying honor which lay in store for the village. Some overruling power was drawing the two armies toward the amphitheatre on the eastern slope of the Cumberland range, for Lee was unaware of the exact destination of the Union army and Meade was planning to fight a defensive battle along the line of Pipe Creek, a stream running northeast and southwest into the Monocacy River, about fifteen miles south of Gettysburg.

THE GETTYSBURG REGION.

Gettysburg lies ten miles west of the crescent rampart of the South Mountain range. The country round about is as wrinkled as the palm of a workingman's hand under a giant magnifying glass. In the centre lies the village itself. The country rises on the west, forming a north and south ridge. On the crest was a Lutheran educational institution, which gave the name of Seminary Ridge to the height. Beyond the ridge is a valley known as Willoughby's Run, through which a creek meanders toward the south. Up and over the ridge two diverging roads pass, one leading to Chambersburg and the other toward the southwest to Hagerstown.

South of the town rises a frowning hill, on whose slope is the cemetery in which the fathers of the town slept long before the great struggle consecrated it anew. Beginning in a rocky cliff to the east, known as Culp's Hill, it sweeps toward the west in front of the town for three thousand yards, and then bends toward the south parallel to and about a mile and a half distant from Seminary Ridge. For three miles the ridge runs due south, this hill terminating in a bold, cone-shaped rock called Round Top. On the northern slope of this dominating height is a smaller cone of rock, known as Little Round Top. In the valley which lies between the rounded slopes of Seminary and Cemetery ridges reposed the homes and lay the smiling meadows, the waving grain fields and the green peach orchards of the comfortable Pennsylvania farmers.

Along the bottom runs a lower intermediate ridge, on whose crest was the Emmitsburg Road. Here was a fortress for a defensive battle formed by nature long before mankind battled on the surface of the earth for sustenance, a dwelling place and principles. With the flanks protected by Culp's Hill, on the north, and Round Top and Little Round Top, on the south, the main line could fight with confidence among the cyclopean breastworks of bowlders that lay along the face of the ridge linking these hills.

ARRIVAL OF GEN. REYNOLDS.

Early on the morning of July 1, a Union officer, surrounded by a group of pickets, dashed in hot haste up into the valley between Seminary and Cemetery ridges, on the Emmitsburg Road. It was Major General John F. Reynolds, a man among men, and in the Army of the Potomac second only to General Meade, his lifelong friend. The previous day General Buford, the Union cavalry leader, had entered the town and thrown his pickets out along the Chambersburg road. That same day Pettigrew's brigade, of Heth's division and Hill's corps, of the Confederate army, unaware of the presence of the enemy at Gettysburg, came marching into town for the purpose of plundering the shoe shops. Meeting Buford, he retired toward Cashtown. Feeling certain that the enemy would return in the morning in greater force, Buford disposed his men in Willoughby's Run to restrain the Confederates until support could come from Reynolds.

General Reynolds, who commanded the left grand division of General Meade's army, consisting of the 1st, 3d and 11th corps, had been ordered to Gettysburg for the purpose of observing the enemy and screening the proposed retrograde movement to Pipe Creek. His corps, at that moment four, eight and twelve miles away at different points to the southward, had received orders for their ultimate return to the line of Pipe Creek, where General Meade expected to fight his battle.

As General Reynolds rode up the road at hot speed that fateful July morning, his eye took in the character of the country. On his right lay the gentle slope of Cemetery Ridge with its fine flanking buttresses. Turning to the left, he found General Buford in the belfry of the seminary anxiously examining the field in front, beyond which lay a force of the enemy. At a glance Reynolds grasped the situation. There in front was the enemy. Behind was the place to meet him. The duty to be performed was that of holding Lee's oncoming forces until General Meade could come up with all his troops. Without hesitation he sent back orders for his corps to hasten to the field, feeling certain that General Meade would approve of his action.

Preparations were immediately made to meet the enemy, who could be seen approaching in great force on the western side of Willoughby's Run. There was a bit of woods east of the run in the angle between the Chambersburg and Hagerstown roads. Reynolds had just sent an order to General Doubleday, the commander of the 1st Corps, whom he expected on the field at any moment, "Hold on to the Hagerstown road, and I will take care of this one," meaning the Chambersburg road. Troops from both sides dashed for the triangle of woods, eagerly seeking the possession of this point of vantage. Reynolds was watching Solomon Meredith's "Iron Brigade" go in on one side and James J. Archer's Confederates on the other. A bullet from a sharpshooter's gun entered his head and passed through his brain, and this was the greatest Union loss at Gettysburg.

Doubleday then took command and held the lines as well as he could in the face of the force which Lee had sent forward. General O. O. Howard, with the 11th Corps, reached the scene in the early afternoon, and by reason of seniority took charge, sensing General Schurz in on the north of the town on Doubleday's right. Ewell was now in sight on the Carlisle road. Howard attempted to cover too much ground, and Early, coming in on the right with irresistible vigor, drove his troops into Gettysburg and through the town.

UNION LINES DRIVEN BACK.

Left unsupported in this manner, General Doubleday's troops were obliged to fall back, which they did, fighting all the way. The enemy took advantage of the disorder to take many prisoners. Fortunately for General Howard, and, indeed, for the Union army, he had stationed Steinwehr's division on Cemetery Ridge, thus forming a rallying ground for his other retreating troops. The 1st Corps was now posted on the left end and the 11th on the right.

In the mean time General Howard had informed General Meade of the untoward progress of events, and had asked for immediate assistance. Up to that moment General Meade, who was at Taneytown, about twelve miles in the rear, on the Maryland side of Mason and Dixon's line, had expected to fight at Pipe Creek. From that moment he saw that the great battle he had expected had already begun and that the field was to be the country around Gettysburg. Immediately he sent General Hancock forward in advance of his corps to take command of the field. In the neighborhood of 4 o'clock that afternoon the magnetic figure of Hancock was seen galloping up on the Taneytown road. His very presence had a marvellously stimulating effect upon the troops, who were now reforming in their new positions.

By this time General Daniel E. Sickles had brought his corps on the field from Emmitsburg, having been inspired by the news from Howard to rush forward regardless of instructions. Hancock placed him on the left of General Howard's troops fronting Seminary Ridge. Culp's Hill was occupied by Wadsworth. General Slocum reaching the field, Hancock returned post haste to Meade, ready to urge the choice of Gettysburg as the field of battle, which he found to be unnecessary, for the commanding general had already selected it.

All through the moonlit night the Federal troops came pouring in. Meade, pale, tired, hollow eyed from lack of sleep, reached the scene about 1 o'clock in the morning. General Lee had preceded him, arriving on Seminary Ridge in the course of the previous afternoon in time to witness the success of his troops in driving General Howard's men through the town to the hill on the south. Carefully examining the strong position taken by the Union army on Cemetery Ridge, opposite, and noting the steadiness of the Federal troops as they took their places, he decided not to make an attack that afternoon, but to wait for the rest of his force to come up.

THE LINE OF BATTLE.

With the dawn of day, General Meade was concerned in completing his line of battle. All of his corps with the exception of Sedgwick's were on the ground. Sedgwick was marching toward him as fast as possible. Slocum held Culp's Hill around to the extreme east. Next came Howard at the elbow of the hill around the cemetery. Adjoining him was Hancock, with his left covered by Sickles, whose line extended toward the south. The 5th Corps, under Sykes, was in reserve, and it was proposed to have General Sedgwick take up the extreme left near Round Top.

In the mean time General Sickles was expected to protect the left end. About a mile away across the valley lay Lee's army, sweeping around in a crescent from Benner's Hill, on the east of Gettysburg, to the high ground in front of the Round Tops, where Longstreet's troops formed the right wing. Ewell was on the left and H. P. Hill in the centre.

When General Sickles established his line of battle in the morning he was not fully satisfied with the character of the ground which he was to occupy, believing it to be incapable of defence owing to its lowness and the fact that it was commanded by the low ridge traversed by the Emmitsburg Road in his front. He consulted General Meade, who at the time was so busy that he could not give him definite orders, and sent General Henry J. Hunt, his chief of artillery, to look at the ground. General Hunt agreed as to the advantage of occupying the higher ground in his front, and he thereupon, without further orders, proceeded to occupy it. This carried his line far in advance of the main line and gave it a sharp crook like an elbow, with the point resting in a peach orchard near the Emmitsburg Road.

THE FAMOUS PEACH ORCHARD.

This is the famous peach orchard spelled ever since Gettysburg with capital letters. His left rested at the base of Little Round Top, while the right of the line was far in advance of Hancock's left. It was a dangerous position, and when General Meade came on the field later he disapproved of the alignment, but it was too late, for even while he was discussing it with General Sickles the enemy's artillery opened from the wooded heights of Seminary Ridge, near the Peach Orchard. Then a furious assault followed upon the left of Sickles's line between the Orchard and Little Round Top.

It was now 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Through the entire day both sides had been preparing for the fray. General Lee had intended that General Longstreet should make an early morning attack with such troops as he could bring together, but Longstreet, noting the difficulties in the way of a direct advance upon the strong, natural position of the Union troops, had spent a part of the morning endeavoring to get his superior to manœuvre around Meade's left flank behind Round Top. This was General Meade's weak point, for Sedgwick's troops had not come up and the hill was unoccupied. Moreover, success at this point would seriously threaten, if not entirely cut off, the Union communications with Washington and the base of supplies.

Unable to convince General Lee, he pleaded for time for the remainder of his troops to come up. His second division under McLaws arrived in the middle of the day, but General Lee would not await the coming of his third division under Pickett. He finally gave Longstreet the order to attack General Sickles's left. A desperate struggle ensued for two weary hours, blood flowing like water. General Sickles was carried from the field, a leg having been shot away. In the meantime McLaws attacked on the other side of the angle at the Peach Orchard and under a withering fire the line was forced back, but with a steadiness which permitted it to stop exactly in the place assigned to it.

The lack of troops on Round Top that afternoon came near to costing the Union army heavily. General Warren, after examining the condition of the left of Sickles's corps, continued on to Little Round Top, on which were stationed signal men. From that point of view the woods on the west side of the Emmitsburg Road could be readily seen. It was noted that they were an excellent cover for the formation of troops, which could then rush out suddenly and unexpectedly upon Sickles's line.

The signal men on the pinnacle of rock had been doing far more valiant service that day than they knew, for General Longstreet had been obliged to send his men by time consuming detours to the point of assault, in order that their movements should be masked from them. Noting the possibilities in this respect, General Warren requested the captain of a rifle battery in front of Little Round Top to drop a shot in the woods. As it whistled through the air Confederate soldiers in the woods turned to see whence it came, and the sunlight glinted along their rifle barrels and bayonets, revealing the enemy's line of battle already formed and far outflanking any of the federal troops.

Thrilled at the spectacle and impressed with the necessity for holding the key to the Union line, he sent a hastily written dispatch to General Meade, asking for a division at least to defend it. General Meade ordered forward the Fifth Corps. The signal men were on the point of leaving the rock when they noted the approach of the Confederates, but were persuaded by General Warren to remain, making a show of signalling with their flags, while he got hold of some troops.

He found a division marching to the assistance of Sickles, and secured the assistance of a brigade, which he hurried to the hilltop. A battery which fortunately chanced to be in the neighborhood was hauled up the crag, and in a few moments the Little Round Top was the scene of a savage hand-to-hand fight. The Confederates were finally driven down the precipitous slope and the Union left was once more safe.

THE UNION LINE INTACT.

Nightfall found the entire Union line from Round Top to Cemetery Hill firmly established, despite the bloody encounter at the Peach Orchard. It also found some Union trenches on the extreme right in proximity to the Baltimore road in the hands of the Confederates. Ewell, following the orders of Lee, had assaulted General Howard with energy and with such a measure of success that General Howard was obliged to call upon Hancock for help. Certain of the troops had been taken from the intrenchments at the far right, and General Johnson took advantage of the opportunity to occupy them.

Should there be another day of battle? Lee's army was in fine fettle, and a part of it, including Pickett's division, had not been engaged. His answer was yes. General Meade submitted the question to a council of war. There was only one voice. The contest should be settled upon that spot.

With the dawn of July 3 a duty lay before General Meade. The enemy in his trenches must be ousted. With far less hopefulness than that possessed by Lee General Meade approached the day's work. At earliest dawn he began the attack on Johnson, and it was only after an obstinate fight lasting several hours that the Confederate general was at last driven out. It was a modest battle, that of Culp's Hill, although it was so important to Meade. It was followed by an ominous and sultry silence. Under the hot July sun the field sizzled.

The intensity of the midday stillness was suddenly shattered by the firing of two Confederate guns. Then, simultaneously, 130 pieces of Confederate artillery were discharged, and the ground shook. Never in the experience of the seasoned captains on that field had such a volley been heard. It was terrific beyond description. The air was filled with flame and smoke and the amphitheatre of hills reverberated with the thunders. The Union artillery was quick to respond.

There was not room on the crest of the ridge for more than seventy guns, but these were pressed to their utmost, and the din of two hundred guns rent the air. The valley was filled with a cloud of smoke, illumined with the snakelike flashes of shells bursting in midair. For an hour the titanic duel continued. Little damage was done in the Union ranks, and realizing that an infantry charge was to succeed the artillery attack, the firing of the guns was gradually reduced in order to give them an opportunity to cool off in readiness for the more serious work to follow.

Within the shadows of the wooded ridge seventeen thousand soldiers had gathered. They comprised the flower of Virginia chivalry commanded by Major General Pickett, and Heth's, Trimble's and Pettigrew's divisions of Hill's corps. They were waiting for the word to start across the valley toward Cemetery Ridge and the

Continued on fifth page.

So Compact Are Utensils Made Now That You Can Almost Keep House in Your Trunk

Maybe You Went to the Garden Last Week and the Blondes and Brunettes Showed the Way.

The Many Contrivances on View Proved How Busy Inventors Are on Household Problems.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN may come and it may go, but the patent potato peeler goes on forever.

This was one of the many things evidenced by the Household Show that closed a seven days' run at the Garden last night. Every one, including the scantily clad bronze lady on the tip of the tower admits that the Garden is doomed, and any one who visited the Household Show with his eyes open can bear out the part about the continuity of patent potato peelers and the like.

To the thousands who paid their 50 cents and got by the doorkeeper the great floor had the look of a gala bargain day in some curious sort of department store. The arena was blocked off in highly colored squares and booths, with streets full of visitors in between.

The pedestrians walked and walked while the people in the booths talked without rest, and handed out tons of highly flavored literature concerning their wares.

One side virtue the show had in common with the Metropolitan Museum of Art—the knack of making people take a whole lot of foot exercise before they realized what they were doing. You walked down one of the aisles and up another, working your eyes all the time, and the first thing you knew you had a keen desire to get off somewhere and sit down awhile.

"They ought," declared one man who was plainly fat and evidently lazy, "they ought to have a streetcar system running about the place. I'll bet that I've looked my way through ten nautical miles of super-improved household necessities!"

The great-something-for-nothing impulse drew many of the visitors. From past experiences at innumerable world's fairs and shows and such one gets the idea that he can saunter down the aisles and pick up a scattering meal by means of delicate handouts from food booths presided over by good looking young girls.

But if any one attended the Household Show solely to save the price of a meal, he had, after he left it, to buy a heavier one, because of the increased hunger brought on by the violent walking and viewing pictures of appetizing food—they were liberal with photographs of table delicacies.

They certainly were! You couldn't pass a booth but some nice looking maiden would force into your hand a quarto volume of literature and pictures about the thing she represented. By the time people got out of the Garden their coat lapels were covered three deep with celluloid buttons, brilliant string tags fluttered from every button and glaring pamphlets protruded from every bulging pocket. About the time they got around the corner they would begin to wonder what the deuce they were going to do with all that paper, and a majority of them answered the question by unloading right there on the sidewalk.

It was noticeable that many there were who seemed interested in things which by every apparent probability they should have passed up with a casual glance. Now, there was the patent cradle and safety nursery. It is one of those things that after you have seen the demonstrator show it through its paces you wonder how the world managed to worry along without it before the inventor happened to think it up. Solemn faced young men would come up to the exhibit and hang over the rail so that they wouldn't miss a word the negro "mammy" demonstrator said about the care of babies and the engineering of the patent cot. And when she was through they would put away carefully a couple of the pamphlets in the inside pockets of their waistcoats.

One pair—a young man and woman it was—were plainly fascinated by the exhibit, though they seemed somewhat self conscious and stood clear across the aisle. The two surreptitiously held hands as they walked away and his hand covered a diamond ring on her hand. I don't know—suppose they were thinking of the time when they were babies and comparing the machine before them to the plain old fashioned hand crib they navigated many dangers of babyhood in.

It might have been merely coincidence, but most of the booths had pretty girls to preside over them, and there were some of these—well, one plump one who showed the marvels of a high power gas iron admitted that she was going in the chorus of a racy, racy musical show that is soon to begin rehearsals. This selection of help with an eye to their appearance might have been due to business shrewdness, for the comparative looks of the different booth workers could be judged from across the hall by the difference in the crowds that stood before them.

"It's a good plan, and then again it isn't," explained one agent when asked why he had plain men only in his exhibit. "When you put a pretty girl in charge she draws a crowd—a blind man can see that. But the first thing you know the inquiring man has let the interesting little booklet slip to the floor and is fishing around trying to get the girl to give him her first name and telephone number and name her day off. That sort of business doesn't sell many carloads of vacuum cleaners."

Apropos of the water famine and the tan color of the Croton product that stains your bathtub these days a horde of filters has come upon the market. These were out in force at the show. As the sign on one of the booths asked:

> Why pay $125 for doctors' bills and go through a spell of tyaphoid when twenty-five cents buys a filter that will purify the water?

And there were few who passed who could answer the unusually large interrogation point that marked the end of the inquiry. Therefore, Miss Marion Davidson did a rushing business, to the chagrin of evil "tyaphoid" germs.

"There are so many kidders in the world!" she sighed wearily late last night. "Since I've been working here I've heard so many jokes that I'll never have to buy a comic paper again as long as I live. I have enough humor to run me a thousand years. From the way the young men strain their brains trying to spring some sad wheeze you would think they got a good salary for doing it. I guess, though, it's a deformity," she concluded, philosophically.

About everything they had to show in the household line was some sort of a saver. It was a time saver, a money saver, a space saver, or a life saver—and often it was all four. There were stoves that could be folded up and put in your vest pocket—almost. You could take them out and unwind them, and lo!—they became minute kitchen ranges that could be used for cooking elaborate square meals—or meals of any other shape. They work on Pullman seats or on the cushions of a motor car. This one ran by alcohol—denatured, of course.

Someone—you can bet it was the press agent—arranged for an actress to come down one afternoon and show what big things could be done with the little portable cooker. It must have been the press agent, for press agents simply can't make a plant without having an actress star in it. And Miss Land—for such was her name—came and proved that there wasn't any sense in a girl going out to cafes for her lobster à la Newburg. It would be much easier to carry along a kennel of the edible animals and cook them with the watch charm stove which could be carried in one's vanity bag.

Yes, yes, our inventors are still working. Some stoves on view could be extended and refolded until they lost their original shapes and could be used for other pieces of furniture. And there were couch beds so complicated that you would have to hire a chauffeur to run them, and which were whole sets of furniture when changed around. Camping outfits were on view and sale that could be carried in one of the pots. The whole weighed something less than fifteen pounds, with twenty pounds of bacon in it. So compact have the inventors succeeded in making household goods that before long one may be able to support a large family in one small room and have enough space left over to house the motor car.

There also was an abundance of "less" articles. You saw the fireless cooker and the iceless cold water bottle and the noiseless castors for chairs. The music of the show was right in line. It was orchestraless, so to speak. They didn't have a whole lot of men in fancy uniforms come there and blow themselves red in the face on wind instruments—not on your life! The heavy harmony was furnished by a big machine all dolled up in mirrors and quartered oak that was run with a dynamo and didn't have to stop every few minutes to allow its breath to catch up. And the engineer who ran it never took a music lesson in all his life. Not one.

F. S. TISDALE.